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WOLVERINE® ORIGINS™

WAY
DILLON

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

THE MUTANT WOLVERINE HAS SPENT A CENTURY FIGHTING THOSE WHO WOULD MANIPULATE HIM FOR HIS UNIQUE POWERS—SAVAGE CLAWS, HEIGHTENED SENSES, AND A HEALING FACTOR CAPABLE OF MIRACLES. AFTER REPEATED BRAINWASHING, TORTURE, AND REPROGRAMMING, WOLVERINE'S PAST WAS AS MUCH A MYSTERY TO HIM AS ANYONE.

WHEN THOSE LONG LOST MEMORIES FINALLY RETURNED TO HIM, WOLVERINE SET OUT ON A MISSION TO PUNISH THE CONSPIRATORS WHO HAD WRONGED HIM. BUT IN THE MIDST OF THAT MISSION, HE DISCOVERED THAT HE HAS A SON UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE SAME SHADOWY FORCES HE WAS TRACKING.

TO AID HIM IN THE INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION, WOLVERINE SOUGHT THE ONE WEAPON THAT COULD NEGATE HIS SON'S HEALING FACTOR WITHOUT KILLING HIM—THE CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER. THANKS TO HIS ALLY, THE BLACK WIDOW, THE DEVICE WAS SECURED IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN BRUSSELS.

WOLVERINE IS HEADED THERE NOW, BUT HE'S NOT ALONE...

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CHK!

BRUSSELS:

WHUUFFF--!

IF YOU WANNA MAKE AN OMELET...

...YOU GOTTA HAVE FIRE.

FWOOSH

SWIFT AND TERRIBLE

PART 3

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WWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEEOOOWWEE

‹ALL RIGHT, LET'S MOVE! WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!›

‹THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG THE STRUCTURE WILL LAST!›

‹*ANDERS!* I DON'T MEAN TO *SECOND GUESS* YOU, BUT THIS IS A *BUSINESS* AND IT'S *LONG PAST CLOSING HOUR*...DO YOU THINK IT'S *WORTH* LOOKING FOR--?›

‹*YES*, I *DO*. THE WOMAN WHO MADE THE *EMERGENCY CALL* SAID THAT SHE SAW SOMEONE *INSIDE THE BUILDING*. I'M GOING TO *FIND* THAT PERSON, EVEN IF THEY'RE--›

CREEEK!

FFRROOMM!

〈ANDERS!!!!〉

〈THE STRUCTURE IS COMING DOWN! WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!〉

〈BUT-- WHAT ABOUT ANDERS?!〉

〈HE'S ALL RIGHT!〉

〈NO BURNS. HERE, TAKE HIM WITH YOU.〉

〈I'M GOING TO SEE IF THERE ARE OTHERS!〉

〈GO!〉

〈NOW!〉

〈NO! WE NEED TO--!〉

‹YOU!›

‹MOVE THAT CAR BACK!›
‹BACK!›
Politie

‹IF WE NEED YOUR HELP, WE'LL TELL YOU!›
‹I'M NOT HERE BECAUSE OF THE FIRE-- ›

BANQUE
‹ --I'M HERE BECAUSE OF THE ALARM GOING OFF IN THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR!›

"〈THE BANK?〉

"〈YOU *IDIOT!* THOSE ALARMS ARE ***VIBRATION-SENSITIVE--OF COURSE*** THEY'RE GOING OFF!〉"

"〈REGARDLESS, I STILL NEED TO--〉"

"〈WHAT YOU ***NEED*** TO DO ***IS MOVE YOUR CAR*** SO THAT IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY ***TRUCKS!***〉"

"〈LISTEN, I'M ONLY TRYING TO DO MY ***JOB--***〉"

"〈THEN ***DO*** YOUR JOB! HELP US SET UP A ***PERIMETER*** TO ***KEEP PEOPLE BACK!***〉"

"〈ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT, FINE.〉

"〈UNIT SIX TO BASE, THE BANK ALARM TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING.〉

"〈REPEAT: ***FALSE ALARM.***〉"

NOT THE MOST ***SUBTLE*** PLAN IN THE WORLD, BUT IT ***DID THE TRICK.***

THANKS FOR THE GEAR, ***ANDERS***--HOPE THAT KNOCK ON YER HEAD DON'T LEAVE A ***SCAR.***

WOULD'A BEEN NICE TO JUST ***WALK IN HERE DURIN' BUSINESS HOURS...***

...BUT THEN, IT'D BE NICE TO NOT BE ***WANTED BY EVERY LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY IN THE WORLD, TOO.***

LEAST I DON'T HAFTA ***WAIT IN LINE...***

IF I'M *RIGHT*--AN' AT *THIS* POINT, I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE *WRONG--MY SON* HAS FOLLOWED ME *OUTTA BERLIN*, LOOKIN' FOR SOME *PAYBACK*.

WHICH *I DESERVE*, BUT...

BEFORE WE GO TOE-TO-TOE, I GOTTA GET THE *C-SYNTH*-- WHICH *BLACK WIDOW* STASHED IN THIS *BANK*--INTO THE HANDS OF SOMEBODY WHO CAN USE IT TO MAKE SOME *CARBONADIUM*... AN' THAT'S ABOUT AS MUCH OF A PLAN AS *I GOT*, RIGHT NOW.

SHAKK!

FIVE-THIRTY...

DON'T KNOW *HOW* CLOSE HE IS, OR WHEN HE'S GONNA *MAKE HIS MOVE*, BUT IT COULD BE ANY--

BOOOMMM

VAULT DOOR JUST CLOSED.

DON'T THINK IT WAS THE *WIND.*

SNIKT!

SNIKT!

I GOT COMPANY.

COULD BE A *FIREMAN*... COULD BE A *BANK SECURITY OFFICER*...

...BUT THERE'S *NO SCENT.*

DADDY?

JUST LIKE THERE WAS NO SCENT IN *BERLIN.*

WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME?

DAMN IT--
DAMN IT!

NOT NOW!
NOT HERE!

IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION.

DOES HE KNOW ABOUT THE C-SYNTH?

IS HE--

JUH...
JEEZ...
WHAT WAS THAT?
I COULDN'T QUITE--
OH, *PLEASE* TELL ME YOU WERE ABOUT TO PRAY.

WHY...

WHY WON'T YOU LET ME *TALK* TO YOU...?

HHRRR...

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT ABOUT YOU--

--WHY YOU FEEL THE NEED TO HIDE YOUR TRUE FACE BEHIND A *MASK.*

ME--I HAVE NO MASK.

AND MY *COSTUME* IS THE CLOTHING THAT I WEAR *EVERY DAY.*

UH-OH!

SSSSSSHH

DADDY MAD!

THUKK!

AND PREDICTAB--

SHK--!

AND SLOW.

KUKK!

HK--!

STUPID... KID...

MY... NAME...

...IS NOT "KID".

IT'S...

...DAKEN.

CHOKK!

HFF...

WEAK...

SNAKT!

SNAKT!

THOUGHT I HAD...

A SON...

SKLT!

SKLT!

BIOLOGICALLY, I AM YOUR SON.

BUT YOU HAVE *NEVER* BEEN...

NOR *EVER* WILL BE...

KRAK!

...MY FATHER.

THAT HONOR BELONGS TO--

SNIKT

Y-YOU...

NO!

I'M IN CONTROL! I'M NOT... LIKE YOU!

I'M--

SPLATCH!

SPLATCH!

SPLATCH!

SPLATCH!

I'M BETTER THAN YOU.

HE'S RIGHT.

HE'S THE BEST... AT *WHAT WE DO.*

IT'S JUST SUCH A DAMNED *SHAME* THAT ALL WE DO IS *KILL* PEOPLE.

WHAT WERE YOU HERE FOR, *ANYWAY?*

SOMETHING IN ONE OF THESE *BOXES?* "*FIVE-THIRTY,*" I BELIEVE YOU SAID?

WOULD THAT BE *BOX* NUMBER FIVE-THIRTY?

IT'S OVER.

I'VE LOST 'IM.

KRAAK!

KLUMP!

KLUMP!

KLUMP!

SNFF

RELAX, LITTLE MAN...

...I'M NOT HERE FOR YOU.

I'M HERE FOR THE LITTLE BOY.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE: